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Greenwell, Dora

SELECTIONS FROM
THE PROSE OF
DORA GREENWELL

COMPILED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL
INTRODUCTION, BY

W. G. HANSON

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*Love, love that once for all did agonize,
Shall conquer all things to itself! If late
Or soon this fall, I ask not nor surmise,
And when my God is waiting I can wait.*

D. G.

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DORA GREENWELL

Poet and Prophet

DORA GREENWELL's life belongs to the middle of the nineteenth century. She was born on 6th December 1821, at Greenwell Ford, near Lanchester, County Durham, where her family had lived for three hundred years, and she died on 29th March 1882. She says: 'I was born beneath quiet hills, among green pastures, beside still waters. My first companion was a little stream, my earliest counsellor an ancient Book.'

Her first volume of poems was published in 1848, and her seventh and last in 1871, and it is as a poet that she is best known. Two of her hymns are in the *Methodist Hymn Book* (259 and 381). The best are in the volume called *Carmina Crucis*, which she described as 'roadside songs with both joy and sorrow in them'. Replying to the strictures of her father, who was a typical country squire, on her poetry she says: 'What a purist the dear man is about rhymes! And he never sends me the least bit of a compliment, even when I ask for one, although Tasso tells us that the Vase of Admonition should always be sugared round the edges.'

Dora Greenwell's prose works are *The Patience of Hope* (1860), *A Present Heaven* (1855, reissued in 1867 as *A Covenant of Life and Peace*), *Life of Lacordaire* (1867), *Two Friends* (1867), *Colloquia*

Crucis (1871), *Memoir of John Woolman* (1871), and three volumes of essays published in 1866, 1875, and 1876. The opening sentence of her first prose work is: 'In Jesus Christ all contradictions are reconciled.' She seems to have felt the sharpness of the antagonism between what Matthew Arnold called the Greek and the Hebrew spirit, and she found the reconciling of these seeming opposites in the Cross of Christ. Her biographer, Miss Constance Maynard, describes the antithesis, substituting the term 'Christian' for 'Hebrew'. 'The two spirits', she says, 'stand face to face as irreconcilables; like two foes, the Greek and the Christian, the love of *what is* and the love of *what ought to be*—each is making a demand to be the centre of a complete circle; and in each case to fulfil the desire of the one would be the absolute ruin of the other.'

Miss Maynard finds that Dora Greenwell's strength as 'a prophet for our own times' is due to the fact that, 'realizing the antagonism to the full, she yet saw with unswerving vision that to omit the Cross is to make our faith not Christianity at all'. Whittier, the Quaker poet, summed up her message in these words: 'It assumes the life and power of the gospel as a matter of actual experience; it bears unmistakable evidence of a realization on her part of the truth that Christianity is not simply historical and traditional, but present and permanent, with its roots in the infinite past and its branches in the infinite future, the eternal spring and growth of divine life.' Whittier places *The Patience of Hope* in a direct line with the writings of Fénelon, Tauler, and John Woolman. In a letter to Professor William

Knight of St. Andrews, commenting on the essential difference between Catholic and Protestant thought and devotion, she says: 'The more I contemplate the difference, the more I seem to admire and in some faint degree to enter into what is beautiful in each; *with the head* I mean, for with the heart I am altogether Protestant. However much I may appreciate the value of some great Christian idea, when I kneel down to pray I am Protestant, with Christ only between me and God, and between me and Christ *faith*—an individual faith, the faith which God has given me.'

An Anglican of the Evangelical school, whose brother was a Canon of Durham Cathedral, Miss Greenwell had a truly catholic spirit, to which one of her friends bears witness: 'She loved the Quakers very much, and the Methodists even more, because they are such a strongly social community, and always, as she used to say, "liked going to Heaven in parties".' In her book, *The Two Friends*, she says: 'Before John Wesley commenced that great revival of spiritual religion which was blessed to whole counties, towns, and villages, and the fruits of which are still to be found, not only in many remote and many populous districts in England, but in America and almost the whole of Protestant Christendom, he describes himself as having walked some miles to see and discourse with "a serious person", who said to him, "You must either find companions or make them; there is no such thing as going to Heaven alone". Methodism is eminently social; its idea is that of journeying Zionwards in companies, gathering as they go; its activities are ever aggressive, its sympathies ever widening.' Her

last book of essays, *A Basket of Summer Fruit*, was dedicated to the American evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. One wonders if they ever read it. She said one day to her brother, the Canon, 'William, I believe you have never read a line of my *Carmina Crucis*.' 'And have you read my *British Barrows*?' he asked. 'Of course not,' she said gravely, looking him full in the face. 'Of course not,' he echoed with equal gravity.

After her father's death, Miss Greenwell and her mother settled in Durham. During her years in the Cathedral city there was a close friendship between her and the Constable family (Thomas Constable was the famous Edinburgh publisher) which was one of the greatest joys of her life. Another friendship, with Mrs. Josephine Butler, led to her undertaking social work, chiefly among 'pauper imbeciles', but also in prisons. She writes: 'I have returned to both my jail and penitentiary work. I find there is nothing which is such a sheet anchor to the heart, the soul, and the mind also, as a settled quiet bit of work for Christ.' Interest in imbeciles began in 1867 with the founding of the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster for the reception and training of the mentally deficient of the seven northern counties. In September 1868 she published a remarkable article in the *North British Review* called 'On the Education of the Imbecile', which attracted the attention of the medical faculty.

A reviewer in the *Athenæum* wrote of her as 'a kind of Florence Nightingale walking the hospital of ailing souls'. Intellectually, as an apologist for orthodox Christianity, she compares favourably with Miss Dorothy Sayers. As a poet

she invites comparison with Christina Rossetti and George MacDonald; but hardly to her advantage. She has Christina Rossetti's love of sensuous and symbolical imagery, but not her beauty of clean-cut form and well-finished expression. Christina Rossetti had not nearly so much to say as Dora Greenwell, but she says it better, and so does Jean Ingelow. Dora Greenwell had the poet's temperament to the full, but she was faulty and unequal in expression. Most of her friends thought much of her poetry and little of her prose, but they were wrong, apart from *Carmina Crucis*. Here are some lines from 'The Marriage Supper' in that collection, exhibiting both her strength and her weakness:

Grief waits for Love, She turns
To that kind voice, nor will the strangers hear;
Upon her worn and wasted cheek she yearns
To feel Love's burning tear.

Love seeks not Grief. He knows
No lips save His, in fondest ministering,
From out her rankling wound, ere yet it close,
Can draw the deadly sting.

He fain unto His breast
Would draw her aching brow; uncomforted
He knoweth she hath dwelt in long unrest,
She may not die unwed.

Hear, Earth and Heaven, their vow;
Whom God hath joined in one let none divide.
Rejoice, O Heaven! Be joyful Earth! for now
The Bridegroom meets the Bride!

Even better are these lines from *Summa Theologiæ*:

So let the earth be old,
And like a wicked Fate, from off her reel
Spin evil changes. Let the skies, in cold
Clear splendour, arch us in a vault of steel.
The heavens are far away, yet God is near;
I feel a need divine
That maketh need of mine;
No rigid fate I meet, no law austere;
I see my God who turns,
And o'er His creature yearns,—
Upon the Cross God gives, and claims, the tear!

The last poem in *Carmina Crucis* has been familiar to Methodists since 1934, when it was included in the latest *Hymn Book*:

And art Thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord?
And is Thy name Emmanuel,
God present with His world restor'd?

But, fine as that is, it does not touch the heights and depths like this:

I wait, my soul doth wait
For Him who on His shoulders bears the key;
I sit fast bound, and yet not desolate;
My mighty Lord is free!

He cometh!—o'er my woes
A victor, purple in His garments' stain,
Red with the life-blood of His conquered foes
And mine,—Sin, Death and Pain.

Be thou uplifted, Door
Of everlasting strength! The Lord on high
Hath gone, and captive led for evermore
My long captivity!

Dora Greenwell's was an uneventful, if not a withdrawn and cloistered life. The tyranny of Victorian convention forbade her to sow or glean in many fields. Her biographer says: 'Hers was a square-walled garden, and even the ten best years of her life were closely shut in.' Her last years were marred by acute suffering and growing weakness, but her faith triumphed over loneliness and pain. In her last days there were long periods of unconsciousness, from which she emerged to declare emphatically: 'He does not fail me nor forsake me. He does *not*, nay, *He never will* fail me.' The sources of her courage and faith are revealed in the selection I have made from her prose writings. In selecting from *The Two Friends* and *Colloquia Crucis*, which are written almost in dialogue form, I have ignored the distinction between the two characters, who are really the two sides of her own personality. Philip, the 'hero' of these two books, was not a clergyman, but the simpler, stronger, more dogmatic, less mystical side of her own mind.

W. G. HANSON

In order that readers may trace the source of the quotations used in this book, the following abbreviations have been used:

T. F.=*Two Friends*.

P. H.=*The Patience of Hope*.

C. C.=*Colloquia Crucis*.

What is Christianity?

WHAT is Christianity itself but living to the *whole* instead of living to the *part*? It gives the heart Christ instead of self for its spring and centre; it says unto it, 'Behold the Man'; not Paul now, nor Apollos, not even Christ Jesus Himself as a man . . . but as the great High Priest standing before God in the place of humanity, whose sins, whose griefs, whose burdens He has taken upon Himself, first-born among many brethren. *Ecce Homo!* The earliest impression I ever received of Christ was from a coloured engraving, with these words beneath it. I remember distinctly the place where it used to hang; the crown of thorns, the bleeding forehead, the kind and sorrowful countenance. I remember, as a very little child, asking what the two Latin words meant. How long have I been in learning their full meaning! Christianity is Christ. [T. F.]

Christianity is Practical

IT is among the ignorant, the out-of-the-way, the commonplace, that the Christian's daily lot is thrown, and their daily appeals are to him as sacred as those which come more seldom and with a louder knocking at the gate. That Christianity should so fit in with the ordinary and mediocre has always seemed to me a proof of its crowning excellence. 'A little child shall lead

them'—this, it seems to me, is the password into this kingdom of greatness and simplicity. All other ideals draw away the heart from real life; the poet, the artist, is continually trying to break out of the narrow circle of visible things; he 'asks for better bread than can be made with wheat'. The Christian ideal alone meets the habitual, the practical; meets it *while immeasurably transcending it*; embraces it, and walks with it hand in hand. The Christian must be friends with every day, with its narrow details, its homely atmosphere; its loving correction must make him great. [T. F.]

Christianity a Matter of Fact

JUST as the Christian man is the most practical of all men, one who uses higher means to higher ends than those of ordinary life, yet is still practical on a higher level, so does the Christian religion come before me from its beginning to its end as *fact*; yes, I would even say *as matter of fact*, absolute and simple as the details of every day. Christianity is a religion of facts; not only its proof, but its very life is historic; its present, its actual life is based upon foregone conclusions, derived from them as the child's life is from that of the parent, independently of which it could never have been. All the grand possibilities of Christian faith, all the fair attainments of Christian experience lie wrapped like the flower within the seed, within the life and dying of Christ on earth, the work in which it is man's work, enough for man and for God working within him,—that man should *believe*! Within the circle of this past all our spiritual present lives

and moves and has its being, so that the Bible itself derives its chief value and glory from being the book which acquaints us with these facts.

[T. F.]

'Fire upon Earth'

CHRISTIANITY, under its merely preceptive character, has done much for the world; received as a law, it has contributed greatly to social order and well-being; but thus received, it is, like the Law, too weak to accomplish for any individual soul, the mighty change through which it becomes alive unto God. For this work is more than reformative; it asks for a renewing element—'fire upon earth'—which none save One coming down from heaven can kindle. Our cold decaying Humanity must be fed by a fuller life than its own, must be nourished in a warmer bosom, before it can attain to any enduring heat of nobleness or love. If we look through the long generations that have gone before us, we shall find that every nobler deed has been wrought, every fairer life lived, 'not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life'. The sum of that great unwritten history lies folded in a few words: 'all these lived in faith', in living faith in a living Person.

[P. H.]

God Takes the Initiative

DID the Son of God live, die, and rise again for man? Then do these stupendous facts and the stupendous consequences involved in them remain for ever the ladder reaching unto heaven.

Take them away, and communion between man and God is gone; what is there left to found it upon?—a vague instinct of dependence on some higher power, a sense of the Fatherhood of the Divine such as an unrecognized child might feel in the presence of its unknown parent. Take away these facts, and all the beautiful aspirations of the heart lie scattered like the dew-drops on a summer morn, reflecting for an instant that glory which in another will absorb them within itself for ever. Man's unaided spirit can never lay more than a momentary grasp upon the Divine. It is impossible to fling a chain upwards; it must be let down upon us, link by link, from on high; the Father must come forth to meet His child, Christ must become Man, the Holy Spirit must be given, the New Jerusalem must *descend* from God out of heaven, every good and perfect gift must be *received* from above. [T. F.]

The Cross the Proof of God's Love

IF we must come to the Cross to learn of sin, here too must we come to learn of love—a love of which we know but little until we see it in its crowning work. . . . One is there who has shown us plainly of the Father. God's bow lies upon the cloud of Circumstance, yet light does not break through it until we see it in the face of Him in whom the excellency of His glory shines. Human life is beset with contradictions, at the solution of which we are but guessers, until Christ solves the riddle that was too hard for us—bringing forth food and sweetness from the very jaws of the devouring lion. 'If thou wouldst have me weep',

said one of old, 'thou must first weep thyself.' *God has wept.* In the strong crying and tears of the Son, in the great drops of sweat as it were blood falling down to the ground, lie the witness to the travail of the Father's soul. 'Herein is love', consoling, rebuking love; love that has no consolation so strong as the rebuke it administers. 'Behold My hands and My feet!' these testify to a necessity endured, an anguish shared. [P. H.]

Christ's Sacrifice Voluntary

WHY was the sacrifice of Christ's death so pre-eminently meritorious, so infinitely prevailing with God? Why do the sacred writers attribute an efficacy to it which it was impossible that the sufferings of unconscious though innocent victims could possess? Because, to say nothing of the intrinsic value of this sacrifice, it was, above all others that have been ever offered, a free, conscious, and willing one. The Man Christ Jesus was the only one who chose His own destiny, who foreknew and accepted its full conditions; who saw a great need and responded to it: 'Lo! I come.' 'My leave', said the acute Frenchwoman, 'was not asked before I came into the world'—a saying in which all that the human heart can urge against God and His appointments lies hid. Why should *I* be called upon to endure, to forgo so much? Had the choice been permitted me, I might possibly have declined it. *Our Saviour's leave was asked.* His fulfilment of His Father's will was voluntary; He saw the end from the beginning; *saw it even in the beginning*, and walked onwards to that end, seeing His own

destiny and feeling His own freedom. 'I have power', He says, 'to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again.' [P. H.]

The Sorrow of God

THAT death of anguish which Scripture declares to us to be 'necessary', though it does not explain wherein its dire necessity resides, convinced me that God was not content to throw, as moralists and theologians can do so easily, the whole weight and accountability of sin and suffering upon man, but was willing, if this burden might not as yet be removed, to share it with His poor, finite, heavily burdened creature. When I looked upon my agonized and dying God, and turned from that world-appealing sight, Christ crucified for us, to look upon life's most perplexing and sorrowful contradictions, I was not met, as in intercourse with my fellow men, by the cold platitudes that fall so lightly from the lips of those whose hearts have never known one real pang, nor whose lives one crushing blow. I was not told that all things were ordered for the best, nor assured that the overwhelming disparities of life were but apparent, but I was met from the eyes and brow of Him who was indeed acquainted with grief, by a look of solemn recognition, such as may pass between friends who have endured between them some strange and secret sorrow, and are through it united in *a bond that cannot be broken*. [C. C.]

The Saving Cross

THE death of the Saviour remains for me just what it is, the fact, the one great fact; in itself doubtless an enigma—Heaven's unexplained enigma—but the one which alone to my heart meets and touches all life's direst needs. It is more real than anything in the world, or out of it; that which brings the pitying sympathizing element into the whirl and awful chaos of creation; it makes of God a Being to be loved, because it proves that there is a necessity (of nature unknown to us) for the loss, anguish and death that presses on the whole world, and that God Himself has stooped to it. How different from the old gods of Greece, careless and cruel in their continual serenity—a *God upon a cross*. This is my theology; *Summa Theologiae*; the aspect in which I see the Cross (since I saw it at all) never varies. It has saved the world, and it will save *me*. [c. c.]

Baptism into Christ's Death

ALL thoughts that lead us from the circumference of faith to its centre, draw us insensibly, and with a force that becomes irresistible the nearer we approach that centre, to the sacrifice of the death of Christ. *Motus rerum est rapidus extra locum, placidus in loco*. There is no rest for the soul of the believer till it settles for ever on this magnet. No rest; I would say, also, no progress for the soul until it receives within it this great Motive Power; receives it not only as a fulfilled fact, but accepts it in its boundless consequences, and recognizes as first among them that of its own

'baptism into His death'. The disciple is not above his master, neither is the servant above his lord; nevertheless, everyone that is perfect shall be as his master. O blessed saying! O promise like unto that made to the two chosen disciples, 'Ye shall indeed drink of my cup'; and if our Lord's cup should prove to be the cup of vinegar mingled with gall, it is none the less the cup of blessing and of full unreserved communion.

[P. H.]

Christ suffers in His Afflicted Brethren

WHEN we once realize that the Son of God, in taking humanity upon Himself, took something which He keeps still, and will not relinquish throughout eternity, we become alive to an awful consolation. We see Creation and its great High Priest standing as those whom God hath joined together, never to be sundered; and through this living bond, 'even His flesh', the anguish of the burden laid upon us, down to the groaning of mere animal existence, arises through a softening medium. An old Greek litany supplicates Christ by 'His known and unknown sufferings'. Who shall say how much the first were exceeded by the last, or fathom the depth of those words, 'He tasted death for every man'? Of the intensity of Christ's sufferings we know and can know little; as little perhaps of their limits and duration. What was the weight of the burden He took upon Him in being found as a man, and is it altogether laid aside? Has He who was once acquainted with grief unlearned that lesson? Has the Man of sorrows in the persons of His afflicted members altogether ceased to

grieve? Was it only for those three-and-thirty years that the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him? Was it only upon the Cross that He bore the weight of that which He takes away, the sins of the whole world? The Word on this subject contains utterances into whose depth of meaning only the Spirit can admit us. I allude to sayings like that of the Master, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' to declarations like that where the servant affirms his rejoicing in the sufferings which fill up that which is left behind of the afflictions of Christ. These intimations are not dark; they witness to a union more close and intimate than that through which Christ, *before* His coming in the flesh, redeemed and pitied His people, and carried them all the days of old.

[P. H.]

A Divided Heart

A CHRISTIAN may love his Master truly, and be yet unprepared to follow Him whithersoever He goeth. How can two walk together unless they be agreed? And the enmity between Christ and Nature is not yet so wholly slain but that there may be on the believer's part conscious shrinkings and reservations; he knows it would be hard to take this thing up, hard, perhaps impossible, to let that thing go, even at the command of Christ Himself. This crisis of spiritual life, full of pain and perplexity, is one with which our Saviour may deeply sympathize, for He knoweth what is in man; yet it is none the less a temper which 'is not worthy of Him'. He does not trust Himself to a divided heart, and of this the owner of such a heart is well aware. So that there arises

within it a secret craving for whatever may detach and loosen those bonds from which no effort of its own can free it; a desire like that which St. Paul so fervently expresses for the fellowship of his Lord's sufferings, conformity to his Lord's death, so that by any means it may attain to spiritual resurrection with Him. [P. H.]

The Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings

IT is not enough that we show forth our Lord's death until His coming again by way of commemoration only. To draw out the depths of this great act of love, we must so unite ourselves to it as to learn what St. Paul meant when he spoke of 'filling up that which was behind of the sufferings of Christ'. It is the bearing of the cross, the sharing of the passion, that enables the believer to meet and understand his Lord; 'for we, being many, are one Body', and without participation there can be no communion. All that are in Christ must be made to drink into one Spirit; yet often and often perhaps must He return and ask His chosen ones, 'Are ye able to drink of my cup?' before that free, calm answer can be given, 'We are able'; and many offerings must be laid upon His altar with tears and weeping before the sacrifices of joy are brought there. For, as Christ was made like unto us, we must be made like unto Him, even at the cost of much that is grievous to natural feeling. His coming within the soul is the bringing in of a new order, and when was there a painless transition, a bloodless revolution? It gives a new aim to the will of man; it sets a fresh goal before his affections, and

one oftentimes to be reached only by passing over the dead body of all that made up their former life. [P. H.]

The Supreme Test of Christian Discipleship

THERE is a severity in our Lord's inner discipline which reminds the believer of Joseph's making himself strange unto his brethren. For it is not the natural man only that has to be humbled and chastened by Him; the spiritual man also must become as a weaned child, and for him there is 'a secret, low fire' kept long burning. In Christ, as well as for Christ, they are to be counted happy who endure, who bear all things—silence, delay, aridity, for thus He trains His athletes. [P. H.]

The Rock that is Higher than I

WHILE to those who are without, the necessary, the meritorious death of Christ remains a stumbling-block and stone of offence, the chosen point of attack, ever openly assaulted and ever secretly undermined; to those who are within, the Stone thus set at nought and rejected is the Head of the corner, the sure Foundation, the Rock whereof Faith speaks: 'Set me upon it, for it is higher than I', Love's sure abiding Pillar of remembrance, whereon Love's secret is written and graven with a pen of iron for ever. To them that believe Christ is precious. [C. C.]

The Cross a Gospel of Power

FAR dearer than outward peace, far sweeter than inward consolation, is that Cross, the ever-during stay, the solace of the Christian's heart, the imperishable Root of which all else that gladdens it is but the bloom and odour; the dry tree that shall flourish when every green tree of delight and of desire fails. It is to the Cross that the heart must turn for that which will reconcile it to all conflicts, all privations; which will even enable it, foreseeing them, to exclaim, 'Yet more!' When Christ is lifted up within the believing soul, nothing is too hard for it to venture upon or to endure; it rests upon a power beyond itself, and can bring its whole strength to bear upon generous, exalted enterprise, 'Show Thy servant Thy work', and his own will be indeed easy. Let this powerful attraction be once felt, the heart's, the world's great and final Overcoming, and all other bonds will weaken, all other spells lose their power. 'Midnight is past', sings the sailor on the Southern Ocean; 'Midnight is past; the Cross begins to bend!' [P. H.]

God the Father of Our Spirits

MAN needs what no system invented by man has yet promised, far less given—a Comforter, an enlightening, guiding Spirit, wanting which he remains a mockery even to himself, the sport of circumstance, a Samson blind and fettered in the hall of the Philistines. 'The world knows but a Creator; spirits claim a Father.' And oh! that we could see that He has already come forth to meet us; that we could, even in this our day,

perceive the season of our heavenly visitation, and see to what its rejection tends—a moral atheism, blotting out God from the region of spiritual life, as surely as the denial of a Personal Cause excludes Him from the visible world.

[P. H.]

This is the Victory . . . Your Faith

THERE is an attractive power of the world, a seductive weakness of the flesh, a deep-seated malignity of the devil, working through each of these to our ruin. The world has something to show, the flesh something to crave, the devil something to give and more to promise; these are all strong men armed, having mouths speaking, asking, boasting great things; and to all these, their allurements, solicitations and temptations, the coming in of Him who is stronger than they has but one thing to oppose, a weapon, single, yet mighty and effectual to the pulling down of their strongholds—Faith, intimate, adhesive, and reliant, on an ever-living and ever-present God. Baal's prophets are and always have been many; but this one prophet and witness of the Lord, even though, like Elijah, it remain alone, is strong enough to withstand and overcome them all; for this is the victory which overcometh the world—the world of sense without, the world of sin within us—even our Faith in Him who hath overcome all things for and in His people. The world is so much to us only because God is so little; let Faith but once restore the soul to its true centre, so that, looking at divine realities through a just medium, we may see them in their true and unspeakable importance, and

the power of outward things is weakened and their overweening charm dissolved—the enchanter's wand is broken and his spell read backwards. [C. C.]

Faith the Gift of God

THE faith by which we apprehend grace is itself *a gift*. 'By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; *it*', i.e. the faith, 'is the gift of God'. No man except through the Holy Ghost can say that Jesus is the Lord, or can enter into the fullness of any one of the relations divinely established in Him. [T. F.]

Faith and Love

IF spiritual truths were things self-evident, like mathematical propositions, compelling the assent of the mind they are addressed to, it would be hard to understand the extraordinary value which, under the Gospel dispensation, is attached to faith. It would be hard to see how the possession of this one blessed attribute could embalm as it were a man's whole soul and life; how a human being could become dear to his Maker, simply because he saw that which those around him were not sufficiently enlightened to perceive. But is it not evident that this gracious disposition is one in which the whole man is included? Is there not something in the very nature of spiritual Truth which demands for its reception more than the mere intellect, let it strive as it will, can compass; and something, too, in our own nature which makes us, as responsible beings, *answerable* for what, as regards this Divine truth, we see and

hear? To put this in other words: can a spiritual truth be apprehended otherwise than *sacramentally*? In all cases there will surely be a proportion between the soul's receptivity and the fullness that is poured within it; a measure between what it *brings* and what it *finds*. And this St. Paul intimates, when he desires for his Ephesian converts that they may be so rooted and grounded in love, as to be able to know that which passeth knowledge; to enter into that which he in vain attempts to shadow forth beneath the figures of length, and breadth, and height, and depth—the love of Christ—Love's secret, which only love itself can make intelligible. 'The love of God', saith one of old, 'passeth all things for illumination.'

[P. H.]

Faith and Reason

IF the doctrines of Revelation are mysterious, are the facts of Life less so? Are 'the things of a man' and the things of God fitted, so to speak, by the mere cutting off of all that transcends Reason—itself but a part of man? Reason has its outposts from which it is continually driven back defeated; it rules, but under a perpetual check; it cannot take account of its own wealth, or fill the region it presides over. It is but a noble vassal, 'one that knoweth not what his lord doeth'. Man reverences his reason, and trusts it as far as it will lead him; but that is not his whole length, for he feels that he, the reasonable man, is something greater than it is. Sometimes his dreams are truer than its oracles, and this he knows. Therefore one deep calleth to another, and the answer to this call is Faith. Faith

addresses itself to Man's whole being—it sounds every depth; it touches every spring; it calls back the soul from its weary search within itself, full of doubt and contradiction; it presents it with an Object, implicit, absolute, greater than itself—'One that knoweth all things'. It provides for every affection, every want and aspiration. Faith stretches itself over humanity as the prophet stretched himself above the child—eye to eye, mouth to mouth, heart to heart; and to work a kindred miracle, to bring back life to the dead, by restoring the One to the One—the whole nature of Man to the whole nature of God. [P. H.]

Priesthood

THE name of priest has been desecrated, till the very word, in some degree, carries with it the idea of something either spiritually despotic, or drily ecclesiastical and official; yet what word, what thought is in reality so tender as that of a Man, brought nearer than other men are, at once to man and to God? When applied to our Lord Himself, no other of His offices seems to bring and to keep Him beside us in so intimate and human a relation as that of His 'unchangeable Priesthood'. 'He is a Priest for ever'; one separate from sinners and undefiled; and yet, through this very separation, drawn into the closest union with Humanity. Christ, when on earth, was upbraided for His freedom and accessibility. 'Behold, this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them'; and yet, like Joseph, the very type of bounty and brotherhood, He is one 'that is separated from his brethren', drawing their souls

after Him, while He withdraws from their presence. The heart desires one who is greater, purer, kinder, freer than itself, one standing aloof from its conscious falseness, its self-confessed littleness; therefore is Christ, *because He is lifted up*, able to draw all men unto Him. [T. F.]

The Apostolic Grammar

IT is scarcely possible to read the Epistles without feeling that Luther's often-quoted remark, 'There is much religion in the possessive pronouns', may be fairly extended to prepositions, so threaded are the whole apostolic writings with these minute adhesive fibres—small members of our universal speech, yet boasting great things, as steps in the ladder by which the human spirit ascends even unto heaven. *By* and *through* and *of* and *in* One '*of* whom are all things, and we *in* Him'. It is interesting to observe that while the Old Testament saints appeal simply to God through His revealed attributes, His mercy, His faithfulness, His goodness which endureth for ever, it is upon God manifested in the flesh in the facts of our Lord's life, and the relations which that life has established, that the Apostles found their claim. They rest not so much upon what God is, as upon what He has become to men, their Neighbour in Christ Jesus, and as such bound to love them even as Himself.

'What hath man done that man may not undo,
Since God to man hath grown so near akin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe;
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win;
Is sin his master? he shall master sin.' [P. H.]

The Christology of the Church of the Catacombs

IT seems to me that in no other age of the world has the attraction of the Cross been so deeply felt as it is in this,—perhaps because it has been never so much needed as it is now to explain the dark parables of nature, the grievous contradictions of life. It is certain that the primitive Church, though it lived beneath its shadow, clasped it less closely to the heart than we do. Simplicity and cheerfulness are the leading characteristics of the pictures in the Catacombs. It is remarkable that the Cross does not appear in them, nor any figure that tends to show a strong consciousness of sin. Here we have Christ the King, the Good Shepherd, in the midst of His faithful ones in earth and heaven, between which two places there is no division apparent except that of Jordan—for so is death represented—a slender, easily crossed stream, the opposite banks distinguishable by the thorns and snares on one side, and the ever-blooming flowers on the other. The two pervading, continually recurring ideas are those of the guardianship of Christ, '*Ego sum pastor bonus*', and of the Resurrection. This infant, blood-baptized Church, so deeply suffering, was not, it seems, so deeply sorrowing as ours; it did not know our intellectual sadness, our doubts, our weariness, our worldliness, our strifes among brethren. The star Wormwood had not then fallen, making all the waters of the earth bitter.

[T. F.]

'The Little More, and how much it is!'

WE are made poor by what we miss as well as by what we lose; a little more patience, a little more constancy, and to what might we not have attained! to what tender intimacy, to what satisfying communications, to what power, what rest, what freedom! [P. H.]

The Comfort of the Trinity

ONCE, when I was very young, I heard a friend not much advanced beyond myself in age or in experience, speak of having received continual comfort in the doctrine of the Trinity. Struck with the simplicity and earnestness of the speaker, I remember pondering over these words, and often from time to time recurring to them, wondering what there could be in a mere doctrine to bring comfort, and in this doctrine especially, which seemed to lie alike unassailable and unapproachable in the high, remote regions of absolute admitted truth, far away from the need and use of personal experience. Had it, I thought, been the doctrine of the Atonement that was so spoken of—but the Trinity! Now I have lived to see this doctrine brought very near to me; the Father eternal, the Son eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal—not *three eternals*, but *one eternal*—God the Creator, the Redeemer, the Restorer, eternally needed, equally beloved; and with my whole heart and spirit do I take up the words of that old confession, and say that it is necessary to everlasting salvation that a man should *thus* think of the Trinity. [T. F.]

Prayer

THE very idea of prayer is founded upon the belief in God's sympathy with man. I would also say upon that of His interference in human affairs. If the perplexities of history and society make it difficult to believe in Providence, the sight of the fixed order of nature makes it difficult to believe in prayer. The Rationalist will say, 'All things continue as they have been from the beginning; does God indeed interfere with His own accustomed order?' The Christian answers, 'He *has* done so. The facts of Christianity are a *mighty* interference, the proofs of God's concern for man, and to these the believing mind reverts, as to the foundation of all it hopes and lives for; they are its seals, its great credentials wherein God attests that He is true'. In the life and death and rising again of Him who shall be called Wonderful, the chain of the habitual, the accustomed, is broken, and yet there is no sense of disturbance or confusion; the soul finds itself still among facts, facts of a new supernatural order, and upon these its new life is based. The Spiritual man is only the Rational man at a higher level. [T. F.]

The Church the Body of Christ

THE Bible clearly intimates that the Church is as necessary to Christ as He is to the Church; it is emphatically 'the fulness of Him who filleth all in all'. This wonderful saying shows us that *unity* is the end of all the Divine plans with regard to us. Even Christ is only complete through the building up of His body, the Church; we are

complete in Him; He is completed in us. His words are not only 'You in Me', but also 'I in you'; the Head of the great body says not to any one of His members, 'I have no need of thee'. The Epistles are full of references to the organic life of the Church; the building up of this breathing 'house not made with hands' is spoken of as a gradual work, a work which moves altogether if it moves at all; 'the whole body', St. Paul tells us, 'grows through that which *every* joint supplieth'. They also testify to a common, a transferable spiritual property; a bread sometimes of affliction, sometimes of rejoicing, of which 'all are partakers'. 'If we be afflicted', says St. Paul, 'it is for your salvation which is wrought in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation'. 'We also', he says again, 'are weak in Christ, but we shall live by the power of God toward you'. [T. F.]

Our Organic Spiritual Unity

IN the meanest things of every day, no man liveth, no man dieth unto himself, so inwrought and interfolded are human destinies in the continual action and reaction that goes on through life. And if it is thus with the outward course of things, dealing with what is material and secular, how much more so in that great unseen order where finer springs are touched to surer issues, the spiritual life of man! The Christian is one who in work and life and prayer 'strengthens himself' for the sake of many; he belongs consciously to a kingdom in which there is nothing unrelated.

[T. F.]

The Power of an Endless Life

NEANDER speaks in some place of a *lifeless supernaturalism*, the stricture of the human spirit within creed and system, the binding on of something exterior to the natural life, instead of the planting of that which may grow along with it freely. Christianity itself, as many terrible pages of Church history testify, has seemed too often the new piece *sewed on* to the old garment, making its rent worse. But has the Church of Christ yet risen to the idea of a *life-giving supernaturalism*? an idea involved in her very constitution as that spiritual society, to which, in a simple, literal sense, has been intrusted the keys of Heaven and Hell? Does she see in her rites, her words, her fellowship, '*the power of an endless life*'? . . . Christianity is supernatural alike in what it gives and what it claims; it begins and ends in miracle. The Christian life, for instance, appears a very simple one, yet it is in truth an *impossible* one, as the humblest Christian knows, except under the conditions of supernatural life and supernatural aid. 'If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.' But who *can* keep them, except through prayer, through sacrament, through communion with God's Word and Spirit, 'the dynamic agencies of Heaven'? [T. F.]

Protestantism and Catholicism

PROTESTANTISM has done much for the world by its consistent testimony to moral responsibility, by its faithful education of the individual spirit; but from the exclusive stress it lays upon what is individual and interior, it bears but feeble

witness to our organic spiritual unity, to the fact that we, being many members, are one body in Christ. Roman Catholicism has loudly proclaimed this unity; it has been its lot to keep and to transmit a secret which it has not apparently understood. It has testified that the human race, whether in Adam or in Christ, is one; but it has missed the contingent necessary truth, that because we are one, because we possess organic life, that life will assume different manifestations. All that lives *grows*, and grows after its own fashion; it is only that which is *made*, ready made, which can be reproduced a thousand times over, in any age, or in any clime, in the order and pattern desired. [T. F.]

Methodism

How much of the strength of Methodism is to be found in its *directness*. As Napoleon in his grand secret of battle would accumulate all his force upon one point in the enemy's ranks, instead of diffusing it from line to line in a series of desultory attacks, so does this teaching press home upon the soul the one point that it either is or is not turned to God, and urge it, if still reluctant and wavering, to take at once that self-renunciating, self-dedicatory step. Surely there is great, inestimable gain in thus bringing a soul into a felt relation with its God, in making the first step in spiritual progress to consist in a real conscious transaction between the soul and Him. . . . 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself.' And here we touch upon another secret of the strength of Methodism, that it brings the

great and comforting *reality* of pardon and acceptance, the love and peace and joy of believing, into far stronger relief than is usually done in Church teaching. When we consider the state of our lapsed masses, the great gulf their modes of life and thought have fixed between them and all methods of regular instruction and gradual training, we learn to bless a teaching that applies such powerful stimulants, such strong consolations to the soul; that rouses it from the deadly lethargy of sense and sin, and sends it out, perhaps, to 'wrestle', as the Methodist expresses it, with its God; that lifts it from the conflict into the clear sunshine of peace and hope and rejoicing; that leaves it at the feet of Jesus, saying, 'I have found Him whom my soul loveth'. Sudden conversions, with the ecstatic warmth of feeling that follows upon them, are derided, but only by those who know, even as regards natural things, little of the secret powers, the reserved forces, of the human spirit, and are unaware that in the depths of ignorant, and hardened, and weary, and distracted souls, there is still a strength, blinded and fettered like that of Samson, needing a shock to set it free. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Methodism has entered into the heart of this saying. [T. F.]

'Out of the Depths'

TO know more of ourselves, and to know meanwhile no more of God, makes our present anguish and desolation. But what if even here were our safety? What if it were through this very wound that the good Samaritan as he

journeys designs to pour in the wine and oil of his consolation? What if, in learning more of the awful and tender mystery of our own nature, we become acquainted with the yet more awful, more tender mystery that encompasses it? Never did the heart assert itself so strongly as now; highly strung and sensitive, it finds inward contradiction and outward circumstance bear hard upon it; yet, beset by a thousand warring impulses, it has learnt its own weakness and its own strength, and out of the pressure and straitness of this siege it can take up its appeal to Christ out of the depths and into the depths of a common Nature. It can say with the blind man, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me'. It has had its own voice thrown back upon it from the rocks; it has had enough of echoes, of illusions; it seeks communion, reciprocity; it needs that which can alone understand, alone *answer* it; therefore the one flies to the One—the heart to Christ.

[P. H.]

Pain

PAIN, like sin, is now inseparable from Humanity, an 'inseparable accident', no essential part of it, and, like sin, self-excluded from every perfect nature, whether human, angelic, or divine. Belonging, it is true, to mortality, but alien to a true, a perfected Humanity; a son of the bondwoman, to be cast out, that shall not heir with the son of the free. How limited too are its teachings! In pain there is no revelation of God, of whose nature it forms no part. Nothing appears to me more shallow than the mode of viewing life which looks upon

pain as 'the deepest thing in our nature, and union through pain the closest of any'. Sorrow is essentially separative. What is its extremist form—insanity—but isolation? The French, with as much truth as tenderness, call the insane *les aliénés*. The mind, broken in itself, has lost the power of blending with other minds; its action returns upon itself. Joy is a uniting thing; it builds up, while it enlarges, the whole nature; it is the wine to strengthen man's heart, to brace it to every noble enterprise. [T. F.]

The Resurrection of the Body

HOW much has the human heart gained in the One revelation which enables it to say: 'I believe in the resurrection of the body'; that gives the flesh also leave to 'rest in hope'! It is this belief which brings with it all that is actual and personal into our future life; all, too, that is homely and familiar; that gives us back our friends, looking and talking as they did here; gives us back our feelings and occupations, in fact, our lives. For the body is, after all, the home of the soul, endeared, even like the actual home, by the very sorrows that have been endured within it; and we can conceive of nothing entered upon in separation from it, that is worthy to be called life. When I think of death, it is never as setting the soul free from the body, but rather as admitting it into a state where these two, in the marriage of the purified soul with the glorified body, will learn the true blessedness of their union, all being removed that has sometimes made it irksome and constraining. [T. F.]

Liberty

‘THE Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty’, because there only is the recognition of man’s spiritual prerogative, the freedom of the will, the power to choose. All rational legislation is founded upon the idea of man being a *governable* being, and this, in its turn, rests upon the basis of a moral and intelligent Governor of the world. When a community has lost faith in God, it cannot achieve freedom for man, even when it starts, as in the French Revolution, with being fanatically in love with it; it quickly relapses into absolutism, and the governing of the masses by force. All materialism genders to bondage; it is linked with the ideas of fate and necessity; they are its *powers*, and they leave room for but one worship, that of the God of Forces. How strange it seems that the idea of liberty should ever be associated with that of lawlessness, when, in fact, it is that which is arbitrary which is really unsettled and reversible, depending on the breath which called it forth. All national greatness requires that which can only co-exist with freedom, a slow, safe growth under assured protection; law not depending on power, but power being founded upon law.

[T. F.]

The Challenge of the Heroic

Is there not something in the daily, familiar course of life which seems in a strange way to veil its true aspect? It is not Death, but Life, which wraps us about with shroud and cerement. Looking at this world as it is, I could exclaim,

How beautiful, *if one could but get at it!* I see in the heart of man an infinite desire, an infinite capacity for happiness; in the outward world abundant materials for its satisfaction; but between these two an unseen wall of separation. We want a door opening, a curtain lifting; the ordinary events of life do not seem strong enough to move the whole man; our deeper and more passionate moments show us what we really are. There is a child in us that has not strength to come forth until some outward stimulus, some strong exterior call, is given. And this, it seems to me, is the true use of the Heroic, of a life transcending life's ordinary possibilities; such a life is a direct call upon the soul, saying, 'Friend, come up higher', and the heart recognizes its voice, and exults in it, *claims* it, as the voice of kindred risen to a more exalted sphere. [T. F.]

The English Mind

THE tendency of the English mind is practical; it is not remorseless in its logical requirements; it is contented to leave many things as it finds them, undetermined; content to work with them as they are. The English mind has never shown itself in love with an ideal; in political things it has never drawn forth the image of liberty in clear abstract perfection, as the French have done. Freedom does not sit for her picture in England. Why should she, when we have her going in and out among us, a daily household friend, whose features are too familiar to be much noticed? So in the things of God, the English mind is one that must have room. It sees

that the Bible is not a systematic book, neither is the Church a symmetrical building, nor are the exigencies of the human spirit of the kind that can be sounded by line, or mapped out by compass, and it does not insist upon making them what they are not. [T. F.]

Mystic Gateways

IN teaching, perhaps, we usually trust too much to mere intelligence. Surely there are many gateways into the soul. Feeling bursts through them, 'making the whole world kin'. Art unlocks them gently, for Art is not the imitation of Nature, but a sort of side door into her inmost recesses. . . . There is a whole region, connected with all that is finest and purest in our nature, that can only be reached through *sensation*. As a look will reveal what no word can ever speak, so will a scent, a sound, the spring's warm breath, the green unravelling of the larch-bough, a sudden whisper in the summer leaves, the bird's clear song at early morning, bring our souls into contact with the illimitable, telling us that we are one with ourselves, with Nature, and with God; these things have power to call forth a music within us which has not yet had words set to it. Secrets are revealed to us in a flash of bliss; a flash that *shows* us nothing, as when a wave retires, and does not leave at our feet even a shell, which we can pick up, to treasure and say, 'this came from a farther shore'. [T. F.]

Music and the Inner Life

BEETHOVEN said that music was the link between rational and sensitive life; it addresses both, and owes to this its power; for music, of all the arts, alone *reaches* to that within us, to which the others can only appeal. Like divine grace, it gets fairly within the mind; and while things, that address themselves to the eye or intellect, stand at the door and knock, it has already carried in its message, and brought us into an inner world, richer and sweeter than the outward one, yet linked with it at every turn. What is there in life, *as it now is*, that answers to the feelings which music calls forth,

‘Its deeper pangs,
Its tears more sweet’,

its storming at the citadel of feeling through a hundred gates at once, or winning it through some single secret postern? You read, you think, you ponder, and lo! a grinding organ at the corner of the street, playing some common tune, sends a fresh breath across your soul that turns over a new leaf within it, writ all over with deeper, sweeter lore than was ever magician’s book.

[T. F.]

Excitement

WHAT we commonly call ‘excitement’ is but the awakening of the whole man. Is it not, whether it arises from some tumult of inner feeling, or the pressure of strong outward exigency, always accompanied by a feeling of freedom, of power over outward nature, of escape from the limitations of time and space, by a sense of being

able to triumph over them at will? There is surely something significant in its temporary insensibility to cold, hunger, weariness; while excitement lasts, we feel none of these. Also, in dreaming, in delirium, or when under the influence of narcotics, the soul unfurls the wings which life, under its ordinary conditions, keeps pressed and folded helplessly against its side. The sense of power, of freedom, above all, of *extension*, is characteristic of all these states; and does not this, as an admitted fact, throw a light upon our future life, proving that man's capacities are as undeveloped as is confessedly the case with his faculties? How much has he yet to receive, yet to enter upon! We are used to call the accustomed order of things natural, but is it not evident that man, viewed in connexion with this order, is a supernatural being? He contains within him powers and tendencies far greater than the present order of things calls out. . . . Man, it is evident, even in that part of him which is sensitive, is for ever touching upon a system of things upon which, under the present conditions of his being, he cannot enter fully. There is within him an enchanted land of mystery and beauty, a land where all slumbers, until some outward shock, like the kiss of the Fairy Prince, comes to awake it from sleep. [T. F.]

The Faculty of Imagination

Is there not a delight, almost a religious pleasure, in a work of true imaginative genius? a delight kindred to that which is derived from the contemplation of nature—the delight of being carried

out of one's self into something greater and truer than self, because more universal? It often seems to me that Imagination is the highest faculty of man. It is the flower and crown of his intellectual being, as Faith is of his moral nature. Like Faith, too, it starts from a higher level than any of his other powers, and on that level meets and familiarly accosts truths which reason must struggle up to. And reason *does* reach them, when they are thus foreshown, though, left to itself, it could never either have foreseen the glorious end, nor even the way that led to it.

[T. F.]

God always Pays

THAT terrible saying of Anne of Austria to Richelieu holds true for mercy as well as for judgement: 'My Lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but at the last *He pays*.' God may put his faithful ones upon a long and painful apprenticeship, during which they learn much and receive little—food only, and that often the bread and water of affliction. Yet at the last *He pays*. 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' [P. H.]

Duty

THE fluctuations to which spiritual life is subject show the wisdom and goodness of God in making so much of it to reside in Duty, a principle independent of the variations of feeling. There are long seasons of banishment from God's sensible presence, unconnected perhaps with any sense of His displeasure, in which the soul must say, 'Make me as one of thy hired servants',

and during which, even in the absence of sensible love and joy and fervour, it may be able to testify that 'Great is the peace of them that love Thy law'. [P. H.]

Soul-starvation

IF man refuses the bread which came down from heaven, never was it so hard for him to live 'by bread alone' as now. His very wealth and increase has brought with it a sense of poverty—*because* he has become rich and increased in goods, he knows, as he did not before, that he is wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked. The energy of his wrestling with the things of time and sense has awakened instincts of which, but for the ardour of that struggle, he might have known little. He conquers kingdoms, and weeps like the ancient conqueror. The world which he has vanquished cannot satisfy him. He feels himself to be greater than the universe, yet feebler than the meanest thing within it which can follow the appointed law of its being. The splendour of his material acquisitions is but a robe too short and thin to wrap him from cold and shame. He can *do* great things, but what *is* he? To have all, and to die saying, 'Is this all?' is the epitaph of many a rich and wasted life. Every fresh region man breaks into reveals new wonders, and with them new enigmas, calling upon him to solve them or perish. There is a special complication, a pressure in our present day, which is not to be answered by an unmeaning clamour against rational enlightenment. . . . 'Light is good', good for its own sake, whatever it may show us. In an anxious

and inquiring age, 'when men shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased', we are told that 'the wise shall understand'. They shall find their safety, not in placing faith and science in an unreal opposition, not in closing their eyes to the revelation of God's power, but in opening their hearts to the secrets of His wisdom 'double to that which is'. [P. H.]

'Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate'

THE sober Christian may possibly feel a shock in finding Novalis describe his faith as a foe 'to art, to science, even to enjoyment'; yet does not his own daily experience prove that the holding of the one thing needful involves the letting go of many things lovely and desirable, and that in thought, as well as in action, he must go on 'ever narrowing his way, avoiding much'? And this, not because his intellect is darkened to perceive beauty and excellence, or his affections dulled to embrace them, but because human life and human capacity are bounded things; the heart can be devoted but to *one* object; and the winning of the great prizes of earthly endeavour asks for an intensity of purpose which in the Christian has found another centre. . . . The triumph of Nature lies in the carrying out of its own will, in identification with some great object, in adhesion to some lofty aim. The triumph of Christ is placed in the subjugation of that very will, in acquiescence, in disentanglement; in the stretching forth of the hands, so that another may gird us and carry us whither we would not. [P. H.]

'There remaineth a Rest . . .'

I KNOW not what should more cheer and gladden a Christian than to see his spiritual life losing everything of an exotic character; to have it set in the open air, welcoming the wind from every quarter; acquiescing in all things because depending only upon one. A free and sustained spirit becomes habitual to him, who, in the breaking of his daily bread, has found that Real Presence which sanctifies and glorifies our life's poor elements. When the heart has found its true gravitation it leaves that Rest slowly and returns to it quickly; disturbing influences will be felt from time to time, but their power is gone. A firm, assured patience grows upon the Christian, enabling him to hold upon his way, undeterred, unchilled by whatever he may meet upon it; enabling him also, I know not to what inner music, to build up his spirit to a strength of calm, reliant conviction, even with the stones he finds there, as a brook lifts up a more clear and joyous voice for flowing over pebbles. Roughnesses and littlenesses, indifference and contradiction, for all of these the heart that has made room for Christ finds room, in a steadfast, not a scornful allowance. The strain upon the inner life has passed over from self to Christ, and with that strain the uneasy pressure that may have tended to something of exaggeration and eccentricity. Time was when the believer was often fain, with the Gaul of old, to decide a doubtful question by violence, to fling his sword within the wavering balance. He can now afford, like the practised archer, in sending home his arrow,

to allow for the set of the wind. His heart has grown wise, instructed, tolerant, tender with weakness, patient of imperfection. 'Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?' How quiet such a life is! how fruitfull! fruitful because it is so quiet. The uneasy effort has passed out of it; unresting because it rests always, it has done with taskwork and anxiety; it serves, yet is not cumbered with much serving; it has ceased from that sad complaint: 'Thou hast left me to serve alone.'

[P. H.]

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